

18.11

THE  
T E A R S  
OF THE  
P R E S S,  
WITH  
REFLECTIONS  
ON THE  
Present State  
OF  
ENGLAND.

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L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be sold by *Richard Janeway* in  
*Spoons-Head Alley* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1681.

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T E A R S  
OF THE  
P R E S S  
WITH  
REPERCUSSIONS  
ON THE  
PRESENT STATE  
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ENGLAND.

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L O N D O N

Printed, and are to be sold by Richard Johnson in  
Queen-Street Alley in Pater-Noster-Row, 1801.

For Emphatic a Jury of Indictment, whence I learn-  
~~ing of Religion hath been colored, and, I think,~~  
~~that the same is not to be found in the same~~

# THE TEARS OF THE PRESSES.

**T**HE *Press* might be employed against or  
 for it self, according to the Good or  
 Hurt its Labors have spread abroad in  
 the World. Look on them on the one side, you  
 will confess the Tears of the *Press* were but the  
 Livery of its Guilt; nor is the Paper more stain-  
 ed than Authors or Readers. The Invention  
 of *Printing*, whether as mischievous as that of  
 Guns is doubtful: The Ink hath Poyson in it;  
 the Historian as well as Naturalist will confess

For Empannel a Jury of Inquest, whence Learning or Religion hath been oysoned, and, *Scribendi Cacoethes*, dabling in Ink will be found Guilty: For,

Learning hath Surfeited us; for amongst other Excesses, that of Learning may Surfeit us according to *Tacitus*, and this was true before Printing, when the Cure of the Disease (most are sick (*nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*) of Publishing; which was harder by reason of Laborious Transcription, Vanity or Contradictions, Employing the Pen even then. Of the former, let *Dydinus* the Grammarian lead the Van, of whom *Seneca* saith, *Quatuor milia Librorum scripsit, miser si tam multa supervacua legisset*, That he wrote 4000 Books, miserable Man if he had read so many Pamphlets; and in those Controversies about *Homer's* Country, whether *Anacreon* offended more in Incontinence or Intemperance, &c. most of them being stuffed with such, or Grammatical Questions: A Disease continued, if not increased since *Printing*, two much declining things, for the Declension of Words. Witness such laborious Works in *Criticisms* needless. (I asperse not the wise Choice of useful *Queries* in that Study)



Study) The Result; it may be, of many Pages, is the Alteration of a Word or Letter, its Addition, or Substraction. O painful Waste Paper! How empty is the *Press* oft-times when fullest? Empty, we must acknowledge that which Vanity filleth, as we may well think, when it issueth some Poetick Legend of some Love Martyr, or some Pious Romance, of more than Saints ever did, or some Fool, busied about Government, in the Neglect of his own Affairs and Sphere. What Pamphlets these Late Times hath swarmed with, the Studious Shop-keeper knoweth, who spendeth no small time at the Bulk in reading and censuring Modern Controversies or News; and will be readier to tell you what the Times lack, than to ask you what you lack. We live in an Age wherein was never less Quarter given to Paper. Should *Boccaline's* Parliament of *Parnassus* be called among us; I fear our Shops would be filled with Printed, Waste Paper, condemned to Tobacco, Fruit, &c. Hardly any Cap-Paper would be in use, till that of Legends, Pamphlets, &c. were spent. How justly may we take up that Complaint in *Strad. lib. 1. Praelect. 1.* wherein he brings in Printers,

ters complaining against Rimming (Poetick they would be called) Pedlers into the *Press*; *Qui- que noctu somniant, hæc mane lucem videre illico gestiant*, already what Danger are we in of eating up Antichrist confused in the Bottom of a Pie? Or to light Tobacco with the dark *Holdings Forth* of New Lights? To see the *Antinomian* Honey-Comb holding Physick (at the Second Hand) in a Stool-pan sure argueth a Surfeit in the *Press*, that thus swarmeth with Vanity or Controversies; which is its worst Fault, as being the Mischief of a Sadder and engaging Consequence. Alas, what now is the *Press* but an Office of Contention, issuing rather Challenges than Books? When Pulpits grow hoarse with Railing, then doth this take up the Quarrel, that oft admitteth of no Arbitrator, setting the World on Fire of Contention, Schism and Heresie; introducing Strife, Wars, and Bloodshed. Alas, how miserably is Truth torn by *Antilogies*; and little better than Scolding, and suffereth more by this Pen and Ink War, than by Pike and Bloodshed: By how much more captivating of Assent, Sophistry is than Success among reasoning Souls (that coming nearer Reason

Reason, than Success, doth Justice) And we know Truth is oft watered by Martyrs Blood, receiving more Strength from the Red-Letter'd Days in an Almanack, than whole Tomes of *Pro's* and *Con's*. And what Truths, Politicks or News suffer by the *Press*, is Weekly experienced: It is nothing to kill a Man this Week, and with Ink, instead of *Aqua Vita*, fetch him Alive the next; to drown two Admirals in one Week, and to buoy them up again next; so that many of those Pamphlets, may be better termed, *The Weekly Bills of Truths Mortallity*, than Faithful Intelligences of Affairs.

Nor saith it better with Peace than Truth; the Feathers and Plume seconding the Quarrel of the Quill, from Inveighings to Invadings, Declarations to Defiance, Remonstrances to Resistance; and that to Blood.

The *Press* rippeth up the Faults and Disgraces of a Nation, and then the Sword the Bowels of it. What Printing beginneth by way of Challenge, its Contemporary Invention, Guns, answers in *Destruction Accents*.

And the enormities of the *Press* are caus'd partly by Writers, and partly by Readers.

Among

Among Writers, some write to eat, as Beggars examine not the Vertues of Benefactors, but such as they hope or find able or willing, they ply; be they good or bad, wise men or Fools, so do they beg of any Theme that will sell, true or false, good or bad, in Rime or Prose, and that pitiful or passable; all is one, Ink must earn Ale, and it may be Three penny Ordinaries; write they must against Things or Men (if the Spirit of Contradiction prove Saleable) that they can neither master nor conquer; sparing neither *Bacons, Harveys, Vighys, Browns, &c.* though naught else do they obtain, except such a Credit as he did that set *Diana's Temple* on Fire, to perpetuate his Fame.

Another sort are discoverers of their affections, by taking up the Cudgels on one side or other; and it is come to that now, that Author scarce passeth, that writeth not *Controversies, Ecclesiastical, Political, or Philosophical*; though far better it were for publick good there were more (deserving the Name of *Johannes de Indagine*) progressive Pioneers in the Mines of Knowledge, than Controversers of what is found; it would lessen the Number of *Conciliators*, which cannot themselves now write  
but

but as engagedly byassed to one side or other; but these are *Desiderata vereor semper desideranda*, things wanting, and to be desired (I fear) for ever.

A Second Cause of the Enormities of the Press, the Buyers, the Chapman's Vanity, and weakness of Choice, maketh the Mart of less worthy Books the bigger. Such is the Fate of Books, as of other Ware, the courser the Ware, the more the Seller getteth by it: Examine the Truth, and it will too evidently appear, that in these times the Book-seller hath frequently got the most, by those Books that the Buyer hath got least, being not only the Luck of *Rablais's* Bookseller, that was a Loser by his Book of *Seneca*, and Judgment, but abundantly repaired by that Ingenious Nothing, *The Life of Garagantua* and *Pantagruel*. What Age ever brought forth more, or bought more Printed Waste Paper? To read which, is the worst spending of Time (next the making them) and the greater price given for them, and far above their Worth.

But the Distemper of the Press being so various and hazardous, what Cures can we propose?

Why truly, for them in *Fieri*, no such Correcting

recting the *Press*, as breaking it; but the chief-  
 est Help is *Prophylactical*, a Care preservatory;  
 also an *Index Expurgatorius* of Vanity and Whim-  
 fies, would save Paper from being so stained,  
 and would keep it from Burning (it may be) by  
 the Common Hangman, and so a Nation less  
 molested, idle persons better employed: But not  
 to make our Eyes sore by only looking on the  
 Hurt, let us turn them on the Benefits of a well  
 Employed *Press*, and then we shall see it a Mint  
 of solid worth, the good it hath done (and yet  
 may do) being inestimable; It is Truth, Arm-  
 ory, the Book of Knowledge, and Nursery of Re-  
 legion; a Battering Ram to destroy and Over-  
 throw the Mighty Walls of Heresie and Error, and  
 also communicative of all wholesome Learning  
 and Science, and never suffering a want of the  
 Sincere Milk of the Word, nor *Piety's Practice*  
 to be out of Print (and that not only in one  
 Book) constantly issuing out *Helps to Doing*, as  
 well as knowing our Duty: But the worth of  
 the Ware-House will be best known by the  
 Wares, which are Books, which will herein ap-  
 pear; which also no prudent man will deny that  
 they are.

For

For Company, good Friends; in Doubts,  
 Counsellors; in Damps, Comforters; Times  
 Prospective; the Home Traveller's Ship or Horse,  
 the busie Man's best Recreation, the *Opiate* of Idle  
 Weariness, the Minds best *Ordinary*, Natures  
*Garden* and *Seed-Plot* of *Immortality*; Time spent  
 needlessly from them is consumed; but with them  
 twice gained; *Time* captivated and snatched  
 from a Man by Incursions of Business; *Thefts* or  
*Visitants*, or by one's own *Carelessnes* lost, is by  
 these redeemed in Life; they are the Souls *Viaticum*, and against *Death* a *Cordial*.

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*F I N I S.*

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TO THE  
READER.

**P**oor England resembles a Ship Tossed with many  
Turbulent Waves, perpetually in danger of Ship-  
wrack, greatly to be pityed, in that Rome and  
Hell Combine against its Felicity, with respect to its  
Religion and Property; in the one, to over-throw God's  
Honour; in the other, to put a period to our Prosperity,  
desiring to make us miserable in the loss of our Estates; or  
which is Worse, in the loss of our Souls: In the one, aim-  
ing to Divest us of our Rights; in the other, to Deprive  
us of our Salvation: Our Estates they would have, but  
they will not abate of our Souls in the Bargain. But to  
our good, has the Mercy of God Disappointed them, and  
Preserved us, notwithstanding their Plots cunningly laid  
and devised on the one part to Destroy us; but failing  
there, on the other to Defame and Incense us, in Wronging  
the Presbyterians with False Accusations, and endeavour-  
ing to Incense us against them with Unjust Prejudices.

## To the Reader.

But both have Thriven alike, viz. The one being discovered before put in Execution, and so hindred; the other detected timely, and so quashed; the like fortune hath beset their further Designs. But what effect these growing Conspiracies may produce, we know not; our Enemies being restless to Disturb and Subvert us; and our Escape seeming Dangerous and Doubtful: But however our Industry on our part is required, success in Gods hands alone is; we must therefore work in doing our part with Diligence, and wait on God with Patience; for at present our state looks darksome, as it is endeavoured clearly to be Illustrated in this following Dialogue, between Jeroboam, an Ill-wisher to our Good and Prosperity; and one inclining to that Party that would destroy us, in emptying us of our present Enjoyments, and willing to make us Sin, in endeavouring to Proselyte us to themselves: The other is Jehu, one standing for the Nations Good, though it may be on a rotten bottom, affecting that in Notion, which he will not stand to in Reality; the Prolocutors representing the present miserable state of the Nation; to wit, either inclined to Popery, or but Talking Protestants; the one which is professedly Naught, the others but seemingly Differing; the Protestants in corde, in their hearts, such are most certainly very scarce.

## The Present

## State of England.

Set forth in a

## DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

## Jehu &amp; Jeroboam.

Jehu.

**H**onest Jerry, how dost thou  
 Jerry, Oh honest ! very  
 good ; but I'll assure thee, I am  
 not over-loaden therewith :

But what News ? Ha !

Jeh. Ah, sad News indeed ! Poor England is  
 Circumvented with Plots and Projects, for its  
 Ruin ; Rome, France, Hell and Devils, Combine  
 to subvert its Prosperity

## 6 The Present State of England, &c.

*Jer.* Come, come; with all thy whyning Hypocrisy, pretending a sincerity of kindness for thy Country, but in very Truth intending no other than a narrow Spirit and Design, for thy self, in either being counted what thou art not, or have thou ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~deserved~~ <sup>deserved</sup> it.

*Jer.* ~~Well~~ <sup>Must</sup> thou be called *Jeroboam*, for as on the one hand thou revilst me, so on the other, thou art an irresistible incentive to my Passion; in Reviling me, thou art evil in stirring up my Wrath, thou thereby art a cause of my doing Ill; I tell thee my Passion against thee is so boiling, that could I find in my Heart to offer thee Violence.

*Jer.* Do thy worst, but I have touched thee to the quick, thou art struck in the right Vein of thy odious Hypocrisy, intending all *Jer.* does, in for! *Jer.* Face, Promotion or Advan-  
ment.

*Jer.* ~~But~~ <sup>Jer.</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> as slight and frivolous as thou wilt, in very Truth, I must tell thee, that *England*, at this present, is in no good Condition.

*Jer.* ~~But~~ <sup>Jer.</sup> ~~Heed~~ <sup>Heed</sup> not every pragmatick Prater, that hardly any more than a *Jer.*

Seal

**The Present State of England, &c. 3**

Stool, understands the sentiments himself delivers, with respect to the safety or the danger of the Nation.

*Jeh.* A way Jerry, with that thy scurrilous Asper-  
sion against our Sagaces, even those who are Pen-  
dent in foreseeing the evil that is coming upon us; be it  
known to thee, that our Nation is not so emp-  
ty (as thou falsely wouldst perswade me it is) of  
Men able to give out prudent Sentiments of the  
Aspect of Affairs. Nay, things look so gloo-  
my, as that an half-Eyed and witted Person  
may perceive.

*Jer.* Ha, Ha, Every prating Coxcomb, ha-  
ving no more Wit, than my Father's old Cap,  
tattling in a *Coffee-House*, must be counted Wise  
even to a States-man, though speaking as much  
Sense and Reason, as a *Cobler* or *Carter*, or as  
much as some such Fellows are usually Endow-  
ed with; Nay, some of them, it may be, of  
no higher, (at least wise, not much higher) Fun-  
ction.

*Jeh.* You do not well, I'll assure you, thus  
to scoff at every one Concerned at the present  
imminent Danger of our Nation; every one so  
concerned and speaking, is not a Fool.

*Jer.* And I believe, no Conjuror.

*Jeh.*

8 The Present State of England, &c.

*Jeh.* But because I am well acquainted with your thwarting Temper; waving this Argument, let us between our selves seriously confer, and consider for our Satisfaction, or at leastwise my own, if thou art absolutely unconcerned, whether or no thy Native-Country prospers, or Groans under the most burthening Grievances.

*Jer. Jehu.* I am perswaded, that should be greatly regarded by them in Place and Authority, whose incumbent Duty it is: But knowing thee to love Applause, and active in any thing whereby thy Itch of Ambition may be gratified; pray go forward in thy Discourse.

*Jeh.* Those in Place, I grant herein to be concerned; therein thou speakest honestly: But however, we are not thereby engaged to an absolute Unconcernedness, whether or no we Flourish or Decay: And as to thy heavy and injurious Loads, which thou imposest on me, I tell thee, Thou art here thy self guilty of that Guile, whereof thou so much accusest me: inasmuch as thou (I am perswaded) art not willing to touch as much as one of the least of them, with one of thy Fingers.

*Jer.*



*Jer.* Say'st thou so, then in plain English I tell thee, take away applause, and the bottom of thy Zeal falls out, and then it will be cold, *Jehu*; but *Jehu* I know thee, in vain is it for thee to endeavour its Covert by Lying, thou greatly affectest Ostentation; it is the very Basis of thy actions; thou art Cock-a-Hoop for this Man, that Man, this Party, the other; against this, for that; not for that such an one is an honest Man, and endeavours the Nations good in the preservation of Religion, to which Hypocritically so much thou pretendest, and makest a noise about; But that *Jehu*, *Jehu* may have Acclamations; *Ob Jehu* is an honest Man, and a good Protestant!

*Jeh.* Come, leave thy wonted flouting, and severe censuring, by looking into thy own Bosom, to see whether no vain Glory or Ostentation there dwelleth.

*Jer.* Say on, what thou hast in mind to speak, feign wouldst be at something whereby self-conceit in thee may be tickled, but know that I'll be none of thy Flatterers.

*Jeh.* Well, but dost not think *England* to be brought to a low Ebb? dost not think it to be in danger of Popery?

*Jer.* Do not talk of Danger of Popery many mens brains are at a low ebb, and so in danger of Folly.

*Jeh.* Why certainly thou wilt not make proclamation of thy self to be such a Villain, with this discourse thou entertainest thy Tory Companions, but take heed to what thou now sayest, or be it at thy Peril.

*Jer. Pish Simpleton,* I deny not a Popish Plot in general, but I believe we make more noise and stir than needs, I cannot think the Papists in general to be so treacherous, therefore why should we be so obstreperous?

*Jeh.* I know thee well to be a decliner to that wicked Party, but this would I demand; if in very deed their intentions of subverting the Government, and extirpating the Protestant Religion, are clearly manifested, and that by an harmonious testimony of several before engaged in their cursed Designs, and not holding a Correspondence together at that time, yet not disagreeing in their Depositions, but unanimously confessing the main Body of the Papists herein to be concerned?

*Jer.*



*Jer.* What man ! Every Papist in England, Away, Away, be not so credulous.

*Jeh.* Some Papists I exempt, in saying the main body of them, some it may be might be too poor to be trusted.

*Jer.* Admitting this, dost not think the *Presbyterians* would easily be induced to be their Coadjutors ?

*Jeh.* No, by no means, although falsely and wickedly accused ; which Sham-Plots have so plainly and perspicuously been detected, insomuch that nothing remains to be said, but *Qui vult decipi dicipiat* ; who is more Blind than he who will not see ? who shall give heed to that wicked Woman Mrs. Cellier, or rather Devil Incarnate ? Who shall believe her for the sake of the Bloody Blader ? who shall give heed to such a piece of Jesuited antiquity, a peerless Match for Impudence and Confidence ?

*Jer.* Who shall give heed to thee, so opprobriously defaming ? hath this Woman ever injured thee ?

*Jeh.* Yes, she hath me, inasmuch as she contrived the subversion of the Nation in ge-

neral, and so consequently of me, as I am a particular Member thereof.

Jer. Ay, thou art a special Member thereof, no more caring what becomes of it, than my Dog, so thy fat Carcass be not starved, nor thy full Coffers exhausted.

Jeh. Oh most uncharitable Wretch, wouldst afford me no better Comparison than that of a Dog, in my love to my Countrey, loving nothing but my Interest, and what tends to its promotion? but Jeroboam, I know thee to be wicked; tell me I pray thee what is thy Opinion of famous Mr. Le-S—.

Jer. Oh Mr. Le-S— a worthy Gentleman!

Jeh. Of what, of a Rope?

Jer. Not as much as thy self.

Jeh. Mr. Le-S— and such as he is, are the Rats and Mice of the Kingdom, disturbing and devouring; but he has lately defended himself from the Charge of being either Papist or Jesuit, but let his Works Praise him.

Jer. Ay, and they do it better than thy Prating praiseth thee; But being we are a  
little

little engaged in discourse, Prithee what dost hear of a Popish Successor? there is a mighty noise about it.

*Jeh.* Ay, and no wonder, for if to such an one we were in Subjection, how could we expect our Liberty and Property to be in safety?

*Jer.* Ha! Dost not think him to be endowed with Nature, to love others, or at least himself, to have a Prosperous and Quiet Reign over peaceable Subjects, though in Religion differing?

*Jeh.* No verily, do I not believe any such thing.

*Jer.* But what if he will Promise it?

*Jeh.* I will believe him, so far as I'll credit any Man on the Word of a Papist.

*Jer.* Why Sir, a Papist; what has no Papist, dost think, either Truth, Conscience, or any thing in him looking like Religion, or Moral honesty?

*Jeh.* Ay, Ay, Religion and Honesty too, abundance of it they have, ( that is ) such as it is : their Religion instructs them to Ruine, Kill, Massacre Protestants under the name

of

of Hereticks ; and their Honesty is to be faithfull amongst themselves, in their damnable Plots contrived in order hereunto, though it be managed with the vilest Perjuries, Lyes, most false Equivocations, and wretchedst Protestations, and that even at the hour of Death, in Vindication of the Church *Catholick*.

*Jer.* Hie, Perjuries, Lies, Equivocations, and false Protestations ! and that when in *Punctum Mori*, at the hour of Death, just entring another World, and so in themselves perswaded, and to us professing ; and Christians too, though in a different Party from thy self, would at that solemn hour pawn their Consciencies, and relinquish their hopes of a better Life ; what art Mad to talk thus ? Dost not think them then *bona fide* to declare the very truth ?

*Jeh.* Come *Jerry*, be not Rash and Foolish, in the one by thinking to deceive me, in the other by aiming to Vindicate them ; are not we well acquainted, that whatever is by them spoken in defence of their Church is Meritorious, and any Discovery against it is damnable, according to their Religious and Honest

Honest Doctrine ? though in very Truth their accounted Merit is Damnation, and a faithfull Discovery may through Gods Grace be a means of opening a door for Mercy.

*Jer.* But with all thy sence, prithee what expectations of Mercy could these men pretend to, thus dying, as thou with all thy Charity judgest ?

*Jeh.* Only depending on a Popish Dispensation, which as they say, gives them Absolution, as doubtlesly did *Harcourt, Whitebread, Gavan, Turner, Fenwick, &c.* and my Lord *Stafford* since.

*Jer.* Pish, a mad Fellow art thou, to feed thy Fancy with such prejudicial imaginations ; what dost not think them to be men of greater sence and Prudence than so ?

*Jeh.* No, it's well enough known, notwithstanding all their Sence, Reason, Wisdom and Prudence, that they were Members of the Romish *Communion*, embracing the wicked Tenents of that Church ; and that some of them were *Priests* and *Jesuits*, to whom it's natural to Equivocate, and by practice can manage it with the greatest Facility.

*Jer.*

*Jer.* Thou art so Obstinate, I know not what to say to thee; for me to go to perswade thee contrary to thy received Opinion, were to perswade thee to believe thou art not a man in substance and proportion, or that when thou shewest thy folly, to perswade thee to believe that therein thy self art not wise; two arguments of equal difficulty to manage; being thy fears are so great of Popery, prithee tell me what thy Thoughts are concerning the *Blazing-Star* which lately appeared; does it not preface some considerable event shortly to follow it?

*Jeh.* Yea certainly.

*Jer.* And may not that be good as well as bad? may it not signifie that the *D.* of *Y.* shall reign many Years King of *England*, in case he survives his Majesty that now Governs, whom we all ought to pray for, that his Reign may be prosperous and long.

*Jeh.* Ay Jerry, I believe that it may betoken such a thing as thou speakest of, but not before his Head and Face becomes as bright as the Star, and his Beard as long and full; the first to signifie his bright Illustrious  
Inno-

Innocency, and then the last follows in course,  
viz. his long reaching Dominions and Rule.

*Jer.* Well for all thy Scoffs, I tell thee plainly that thou art a Rascal, digest it as well as thou canst, I believe for thy part, if thou livedst under a Popish Government sooner for thy part wouldst Turn than Burn.

*Jeh.* Burn Popery, I am perswaded if ever it comes into these Nations, it will not be,  
*Will you turn Papist, or have your Carcass Fryed?*  
No, but to Hack, Hew, Cut in pieces by sudden Massacring.

*Jer.* And how dost think this will come to pals?

*Jeh.* Nay, how should I tell? certainly by our remisness, and our Enemies Vigilancy; for they Watch for harm, whilst we sleep in security as we vainly imagine.

*Jer.* What is requisite in Order to our Enemies disappointment, in thy Opinion, prichee?

*Jeh.* Certainly, to understand our own Maladies, to slight our Enemies Smiles, not to suppose them to rest, because they are not just now bussing.

*Jer.* Well, come we shall have something now.



*Jeh.* And well too, thou mayest hear me if thou pleasest.

*Jer.* Go on.

*Jeh.* If we understand not our Maladies, we can't apply suitable Remedies, and so our Disease may grow incurable ; now the greatest Malady infecting *England* is Popery, which would be brought in ; the effectual way of suppressing thereof, is indisputably by the unanimous consent of King and Parliament, together with good Officers, and Ministers of State being Elected, and the Cankered Popish turned out.

The other way is to slight our Enemies Smiles ; better is the Frown of a Friend than the Smile of an Enemy ; an Enemy smiles on us with his Forehead, but Murthers us in the *interim* in his Heart ; his Smiles are Deceit and ruine, in that he cunningly looks like a Friend, that the better he may exert his Enmity ; hence many are deceived, and most infallibly ruined ; this is the reason why his intended Mischief appears not, though laid open never so clearly, by reason it is cloaked under a confident Smile, and pretension to Amity,



Amity, when in Reality there is nothing but an intention of Enmity, and the forest and grievous hurt.

By our resting from our Vigilancy against them because not alwayes Stirring, is dangerous; for doubtless they lye slumbering that we may fall asleep, and thereby with the greater advantage they arise and devour us: But it is time for me to depart, I would have had some more discourse with thee, but the time permits not.

*Jer.* Why, art Departing? then I say *Farewell* Mr. Statesman.

*Jeh.* Well, and I say, pray be not such a professed Enemy to thy Self, Nation, and all: Do not make it thy business to run about to Disparage the Kings Evidences, to make void the Plot, to render it as a Ridicule; for I tell thee, *England* is in no good Condition, I fear.

*Jer.* And so I believe thy Brains are, which run a wooll-gathering, to I know not what.

*Jeh.*

*Jeh.* Some other things I had to say to thee in our Discourse, but I wave them; next time we meet, we may (by Divine leave) Discourse further; at the present, *Farewell.*

*Jeh.* God b'w'ye.

**FINIS**